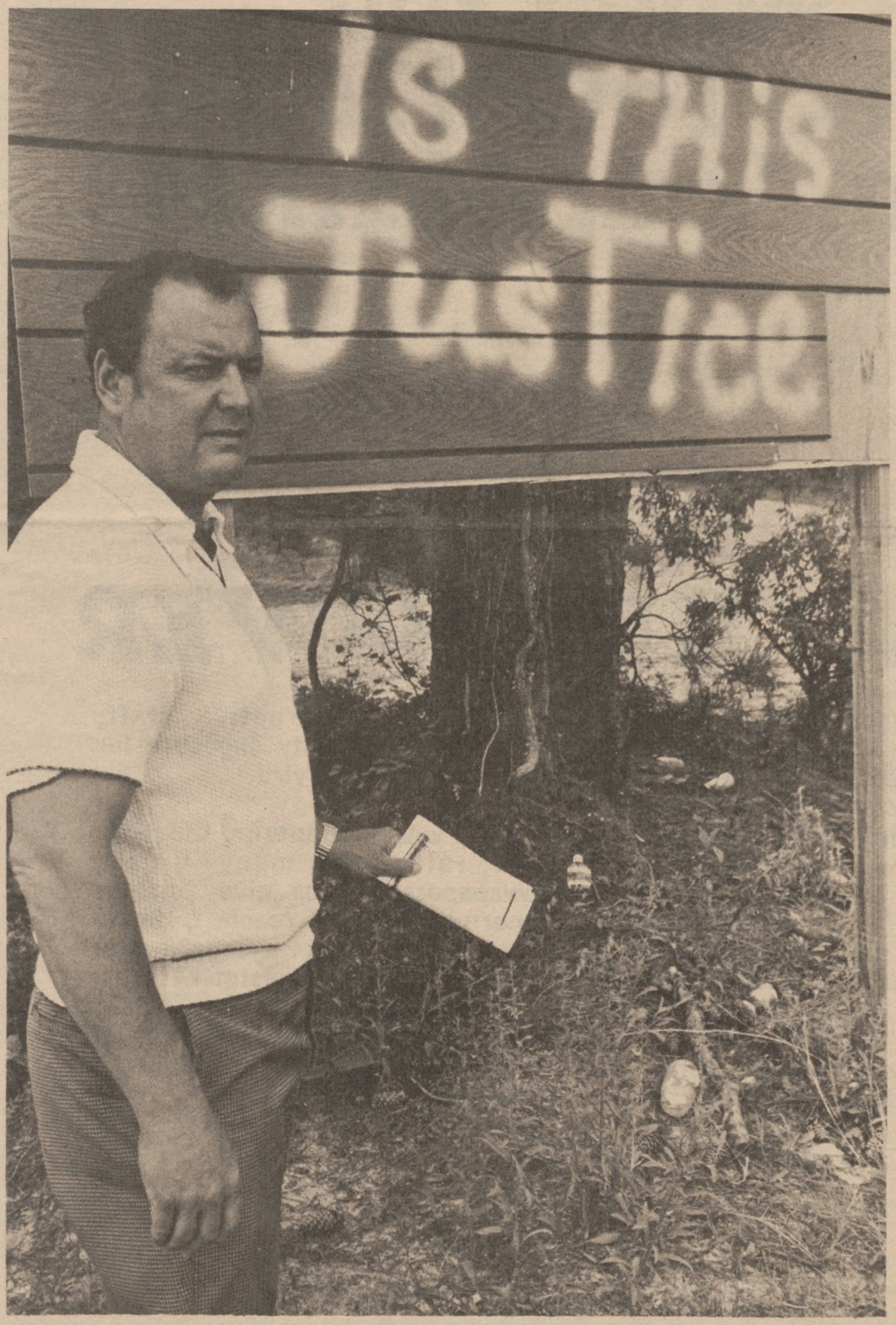
July 25 1975

Local government in Greenville, p. 6

OSCEOLA

South Caroliniana Library
University of S.C.
Columbia, S. C. 29208

SOUTH ... 29, 1975
25¢



David Armstrong, his land and his sign. As for "justice," see page five.

SCE&G and the limits of power, p. 5

When You Need To Get More From Your *Market*....

WE'VE GOT THE ANSWER

With Osceola, you benefit by reaching a highly educated, financially secure audience -- at only a fraction of the cost of advertising in a daily newspaper.

57% of Osceola subscribers have family incomes in excess of $20,000.00 a year. 88% have incomes of more than $10,000.00 a year. 88% are college educated and 56% have even higher education.

The finest in typesetting and offset printing, as well as a competent and creative staff, assure you of quality exposure for your product or service.

So if you're pondering the $8.00 plus rate of many daily newspapers, let us give you the opportunity to reach South Carolina's most sought-after market at an investment that amounts to only a fraction of the cost. Put your money where your market is -- Osceola has a lot to offer you.

OSCEOLA

cheap shots

Indian on the warpath

In its June 6 issue, Osceola carried a brief photo-essay on the first Spiritual Arts Festival held at Hampton Park in Charleston under the sponsorship of Ananda Marga, an international socio-spiritual organization whose members (in Charleston, at least) teach meditation and nutrition classes for free, run a food co-op, and are now planning a group home for delinquent girls. Sounds pretty humanitarian if you ask us. Indira Gandhi, the Asian subcontinent's Nixon imitator, didn't ask us. Last week, the Big Cheesette officially outlawed Ananda Marga in her current attempts to "get back to the business at hand." Even the robed priests of the group are now being arrested on sight.

Meanwhile, Ananda Marga's leader, Shrii Shrii Anandamurati, remains in prison awaiting trial. He's been there since 1971, held on charges of having conspired to commit homicide. While Anandamurati's followers claim the government trumped up the charges, their imprisoned leader maintains his fast -- over 820 days now -- to protest the treatment of himself and others. A vigil was begun Monday in front of the Indian Embassy in Washington to protest Cheesette's actions. It is scheduled to continue 24 hours a day for the next month.

Over 100 members, of the U.S. Congress and Canadian Parliament have gone to bat for Ananda Marga, our own Fritz Hollings among them. Fritz has briefed the State Department (old Hammering Hank's bloody domain) and requested prompt justice on Anandamurati's case. The Indian government, like a number of others we can think of, doesn't appear to be very conducive to the suggestion.

Additional information is available from Arthur Howe, 35 Charleston St., Charleston, S.C. Osceola readers are urged to write Senator Hollings to express their support for his support for yet another endangered species.

Intrigue at the DSS

Several weeks ago in this space, your reporter provided a rundown on the continuing string of bad breaks suffered by Commissioner Archie Ellis of the Department of Social Services.

And you'll remember that some of those woes came at the hands of Henry Eason, erstwhile Columbia bureau chief of The Greenville News. It was Eason, for example, who reported that the good Reverend Dr. Ellis was flying first class to the extremities of the continent at state expense, while state personnel regulations require state employees to fly tourist when they absolutely must travel by plane at all.

Well, Eason unloaded on Ellis again the other day with a story linking Ellis with a man allegedly posing as a staff member of Governor James Edwards -- Ellis' arch-enemy -- while trying to obtain information on the soon-to-be-released HEW study of the Department of Social Services.

The study was apparently instituted several months ago by Edwards' office under the direction of former state representative and current gubernatorial assistant Carrol Campbell. Campbell, who is being prominently mentioned as a candidate for U.S. Congress when and if Congressman Jim Mann vacates his fourth district seat to accept a military judgeship in the next few weeks, is rumored to "have the goods on Ellis," as one statehouse worker put it.

Eason reported that John Twiname, a Washington consultant with Mott, McDonald Associates, posed as an Edwards staff member in an effort to get a peek at the report. Eason also reported that, not coincidentally, Twiname's firm is seeking a consulting contract with -- you guessed it -- the Department of Social Services.

Hank, Kuhn score big at star game

Hammerin' Hank Kissinger put in an appearance at the All-Star game the other night. Standing between Nationalist stars Jon Matlack and Bill Madlock during the presentation of the commissioner's trophy, the Hammer announced "I yam a Yankee van." We were not surprised, since most of the world is hollering, "Yankee go home." The commissioner, Bowie Kuhn, by the way, was pleased as punch at the Secretary of State's visit. Kuhn is considering another term as baseball's czar and an endorsement from the master of ping-pong and shuttleboard diplomacy might well prove to his advantage...

OSCEOLA

"Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one."
— press critic A.J. Liebling

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 2

Published weekly by Parallax Media Projects, Inc., except during Christmas week. Offices at 1918 Blossom St., Columbia, S.C. 29205. Mailing address: P.O. Box 5033, Columbia, S.C. 29250.

Copyright Parallax Media Projects, Inc.

Phone: (803) 799-4679 (business and editorial)

Application to mail at second-class postage rates is pending at Columbia, S.C.

STAFF
Managing editor: Jim Walser
Senior Editor: Bob Thompson
Advertising Manager: W.C. Kirby

Advertising Staff: Arlene Lipson, Alex Potter
Contributors: Lynn Cansler, Tim Driggers, Dan Lackey, Dave Lackey, Gary Ligi, Mike Smith, Venson Steadman, Michael Bane, C. Scott Graber, Brad Stinson, and David Belser.

Subscriptions are $5 for six months, $8 for one year, and $14 for two years. Send name, address, and zip code with check to:
OSCEOLA
P.O. Box 5033
Columbia, S.C. 29250

Run, Floyd, run

Conservationists in the Columbia area have been trying for 20 years to get the vast climax forest of Congaree Swamp, just below Columbia on the Congaree River, made into the first major unit of the National Park system for South Carolina. But the opponents of preserving the forest have devised some interesting ways to try to thwart the movement.

One of the latest is the guided tour, which resembles the high-pressure tactics of unscrupulous salesmen of resort real estate. The foresters have invited some influential people on the trips, which are specially arranged to see areas the loggers want seen, in hopes of choking off the burgeoning preserve effort.

The tours typically stick to the logging roads, with little if any walking. Special swamp busses that seat about 4 dozen people are used. Tour guides point out "over-mature trees," and take the visitors through parts of the swamp that are scenic -- at which point they stop and say the scenic area has already been "selectively cut." The guide tells how the entire swamp was once a cleared field (an assertion that has been decisively disproven by historical studies and scientific work). After the tours, the participants (who have included many foresters from all over the state, Governor Jim Edwards, WIS radio broadcaster Bill Benton, and many others) then go to the hunt club lodge to hear hunting stories and, if they wish, sample the liquor and venison.

The tours have naturally sparked anger from environmentalists who want the people who see the swamp, particularly public officials, to get an objective view. One swamp defender said this week, "Anyone who sat on his ass for an hour in a hunt club tour vehicle and thinks he's seen one of the greatest primitive areas in the East is mistaken. A few dozen acres around the clubhouse is not even a sample of the 14,000 acres of virgin forest there."

In addition to their guided tours, the opponents of the preserve movement have published a brochure whose cover features deer standing in a young pine plantation. Titled "Some people can't see the forest for the trees," the brochure says "3200 people earn at least part of their livelihoods from timber harvested in Congaree Swamp," which turns out to be the total number of lumber mills in the 50-mile radius of the swamp, few of which have even received a twig out of Congaree Swamp. The brochure ends with an appeal for letters, warning "The future of your private property rights may depend on it."

Conservationists feel the forester's brochure and a previous press release have actually helped them undermine the credibility of the S.C. Forestry Association, which is leading the opposition to preservation. But the problem is how to break away from the forester's other drive -- which is to get "studies" made of the proposal, while the forest is lost to logging. To battle that argument, the environmentalists have taken pictures of the giant logging trucks now emerging with virgin timber from the swamp, and are making more use of the National Park Services' study of 1963 which recommended immediate acquisition of the most prime 21,000 acres for preservation. But one person who seems to be riding the "let's have studies first" idea for all he's worth is Floyd ("I can't make up my mind") Spence, whose endorsement of the proposal to make a National Preserve at Congaree Swamp is vital to getting action in Congress. Spence was quoted elsewhere after his first four years in Congress as saying, "I can't think of anything I myself have thought up and written that is all that important."

C'mon, Floyd, now's your big chance.

S.C. Ecogram will appear every other week in Osceola, give or take a week.

Big money wins

"They've really done a good job, jeez, they really have," a Congressional aide was explaining recently, shortly before the House of Representatives was to vote on the controversial veto of the Strip Mine Bill.

Then the aide stopped to answer another call from another spokesman for the coal lobby. In a couple of hours, his congressman and the rest of the South Carolina House members in Washington would side with Ford and the coal industry in the fight, as the veto fell three votes short of the necessary two-thirds majority.

A lone conservationist who wandered up to Washington for the vote was totally dismayed upon returning. "The aides would tell me about the people from Appalachia who would come to ask the Congressmen to override. The whole thing was pathetic, some of the folks had lost their fathers when slag heaps

Continued on page 11

trb from Washington

Ford against the New Deal

I keep running across bits and pieces of Ayn Rand in Mr. Ford's speeches. She's the female guru of a cult called "rational selfishness" or "objectivism," whose most famous chela is Alan Greenspan, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers.

Amidst roars of applause Mr. Ford told a convention of small businessmen here that he wanted to get "government off your back," that Washington is becoming "an instrument of philanthropic collectivism" -- the "big daddy of all citizens" and that "over a period of 90 years we have erected a massive federal regulatory structure." It sounded familiar., Yes, here was chairman Greenspan's comment, written in 1966, when Miss Rand declared, "Alan is my disciple philosophically":

"Regulation -- which is based on force and fear -- undermines the moral basis of business dealings." (He was attacking the Securities and Exchange Commission and other agencies.)

I have taken to spotting the Ayn Rand factor in other presidential comments. Out in Cincinnati the other day he came back to that 90-year bit: "Over a period of 90 years," he told an audience, "we have gradually erected a massive federal regulatory structure..."

Ninety years? That was back in the blessed reign of Chester A. Arthur when an unregulated America had Jay Gould and Jim Fisk and Cornelius Vanderbilt and other bandits, and trade unions were outlawed, and there was no nonsense about child labor laws or pure food and drug acts.

Like an old tune or attar of remembered perfume there was a whiff of Ayn Rand in the Ford speech July 3 at Cleveland too, where he got back a full century: "A century ago in 1876...Rutherford B. Hayes was the Republican candidate for President of the United States." Mr. Ford paused and feelingly recalled that Hayes said in his inaugural address, "He serves his party best who serves the country best." Fine sentiments! And with this impetus he went on to practically repeal Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal.

"With the Depression of the 1930s began the policy of creating a new layer of federal bureaucracy for every problem in America," he complained, "and then spending millions -- and then billions -- of dollars in the hope that money alone would solve the problem." Those ideas, he said, "are old and tired and ineffective now." The audience may have reflected that there was nothing like that in Hayes' day. And Mr. Ford eloquently exclaimed, "What we need in this country is not a new deal but a fresh start!"

It sounds reminiscent. Here's how Alan Greenspan put it in an article in Ayn Rand's house organ **The Objectivist** in the early '60s, referring to what, by that time, critics of FDR called the welfare state: "Stripped of its economic jargon the welfare state is nothing more than a mechanism by which governments confiscate the wealth of the productive members of a society to support a wide variety of welfare schemes." (Mr. Greenspan also attacked the antitrust laws and the graduated income tax.)

My difficulty in dealing with Mr. Ford, I find, is the same one that I had with his predecessor, Mr. Eisenhower. In the '50s I would build up quite a head of steam against Ike during the week, only to see much of it evaporate after watching him face to face at his press conference. He was open and disarming and ungrammatical. So what if he had produced inflation and recession at the same time? (Some people claimed that they couldn't understand Ike at all when he got all tied up in his syntax and his hanging participles; but actually it was easy if you just followed his eyes and gestures, and forgot what he was saying.)

Mr. Ford has better grammar, and he is decent and likeable, too. The other day on the South Lawn, with the monument behind and a line of far-off tourists trying to figure out what was happening through the bars of a distant fence, the President strode down -- brisk, informal and attractive -- and answered confidently, standing behind a lectern with a small presidential seal on it. It was very intimate and cozy.

How about the economy, we asked? He smiled hopefully. Inflation is cut in half, he told us. Of course, he admitted, "as you bring down inflation, we may have to suffer for a short period of time higher unemployment than we like."

But hadn't his own economic team (Greenspan, Simon et al.) projected a rate of unemployment through 1976 of eight percent -- twice the "normal?"

Mr. Ford tut-tutted; some of his advisers, he recalled, had been over-pessimistic about the duration of double-digit inflation which now was down to six percent; maybe they would be wrong too, he opined brightly about the length of unemployment.

It was an odd kind of reason for taking comfort. And it really took audacity, or complete commitment to Positivist philosophy, to go before a bleak convention of the NAACP here, and tell the anxious leaders who knew that 40 percent of teenage blacks in the ghettos are now, by official count, unemployed, that they should be patient. He knew, he said, that "recession hits hardest at low-income workers." He said it consolingly. He didn't spell it out, but the average black family today is trying to live on $58 for every $100 tht the average white family lives on -- a gap slippage of $3 since 1969. He was like a commander praising shock troops for their stamina in helping to right the business cycle by cutting down over-consumption. "An unstable economy," he told them, "is an enemy of equal opportunity." Yes, and "equality of opportunity can be sustained only in the context of economic stability." Calls to the government for help in "the past 15 years," he said, had produced "the federal government's spending spree."

The audience was cold and polite. The chairman later called it "indifferent and unresponsive." George Meany said "cruel and fraudulent." There is no doubt that Mr. Ford believes what he says.

Observers pinch themselves. Eight and a half million unemployed; factories at 75 percent capacity; $100 billion lost annually in potential goods and services; the worst recession since 1929; an extra $16 billion added to the huge federal deficit with every one percent of unemployment (from benefits and lost tax revenues) and yet the public is calm; the unemployed are quiet, and the President leads a crusade, not against unemployment but against the New Deal. ■

Feiffer
YOU WISH A JOB AT STATE? LIST YOUR QUALIFICATIONS.
IN 1954 I WARNED AGAINST OUR FINANCING FRENCH COLONIALISM IN INDO-CHINA.
IN 1962 I PREDICTED THAT COMMITTING U.S. ADVISORS TO SOUTH VIETNAM WOULD LEAD TO AN AMERICAN WAR.
IN 1965 I DENOUNCED THE BOMBING OF NORTH VIETNAM AS COUNTER-PRODUCTIVE
IN 1970 I PROTESTED THAT INVADING CAMBODIA COULD ONLY LEAD TO DISASTER.
I'M SORRY. YOU ARE NOT QUALIFIED FOR THE STATE DEPT.
BUT I'VE BEEN RIGHT SINCE 1954!
RIGHT AND WRONG IS FOR HISTORIANS. YOU DO NOT FIT IN WITH THE TEAM.
7-6

jack anderson

No Mr. Nice Guy

WASHINGTON - President Ford has told associates that he is prepared to take drastic measures to prevent another war in the Middle East. Renewed fighting and another oil embargo, he said, would cause grave damage to the United States.

He doesn't intend to let that happen, he said, if he has the power to prevent it. He implied that he would use all the power available to him to squeeze concessions out of both sides.

He can be as stubborn, he suggested, as the Israelis and Arabs. The implication again was that he would stop being nice and use whatever pressure was necessary to avert a war.

But if war should erupt in the Middle East, he made it clear that he would not sit still for another oil embargo.

Oil Giveaway: The federal government is preparing to give away millions of dollars worth of oil and gas.

These reserves are located off the Atlantic coast. And the recipients will be -- you guessed it -- the big oil companies.

Here's how the ripoff works: The oilmen must pay the U.S. Treasury for the right to drill on the public ocean bottom. The government sets the price that the oil is expected to bring. And then the highest bidder gets to drill.

The government has just set a ridiculously low price. The estimate is that oil will bring $7 to $9 a barrel by the time it's drilled in 1980.

Yet oil is selling today for almost $12 a barrel and all the evidence suggest that the price is going up, not down. The oilmen, therefore, will pay Uncle Sam only $7 to $9 for oil that they can sell to the public for the going rate. Many experts believe the price by 1980 will be close to $20 a barrel.

Once again, the government is putting oil interests ahead of the public interest.

Refugee Ruckus: The United States had admitted over 100,000 Vietnamese refugees fleeing from Communism. Yet at the same time, the United States has slammed the door shut on thousands of Chileans who wish to escape from the military dictatorship in Chile.

The State Department wanted to admit the Chilean refugees in groups, but the Justice Department strenuously objected. One reason for the opposition, according to our sources, is to placate Senate Judiciary chairman James Eastland.

The senator from Mississippi is the man that the Justice Department answers to on Capitol Hill. State Department representatives appeared behind closed doors to explain their position to his committee.

Sen. Eastland, chomping on his cigar, dispensed with the formal presentation. He just wanted one question answered, he said. "Are we gonna be letting in any Communists?"

After months of haggling, a compromise has been struck, it is explained in a private letter to Eastland from the Justice Department. The Chilean refugees, accord-

Continued on page 15

An SCE&G Substation

SCE&G, Armstrong clash

By BOB THOMPSON

"It's the most corrupt situation you've ever seen in your life. People wouldn't believe it."

David Armstrong doesn't mince words when he's talking about the controversial land sale between the state Mental Health Commission and the South Carolina Electric and Gas Company. He's been so vocal about the sale, which he alleges is unconstitutional as well as corrupt, that he is currently being sued for libel by SCE&G.

In late 1974, SCE&G contacted officials at the Mental Health Department about the possibility of buying a 22-acre parcel of land north of Columbia near U.S. Highway 21, so that the power company could build a substation there. Appraisals of the value of the land were made separately by two appraisers hired by SCE&G and by the Mental Health Department during November, and a price of $77,080 or $3,560 per acre, was reached between the state commission and the power company.

The sale of the land was completed in December, subject to approval by the General Assembly and the State Budget and Control Board (which must rule on all sales of state lands). That approval came quickly.

Armstrong owns a small plot of land on U.S. 21, at the corner of Pisgah Church Road; on the land are Armstrong's furniture store and his residence. The first thing he knew about the sale of the Mental Health land to SCE&G was in June, when bulldozers and heavy equipment from SCE&G began leveling off a patch of land right next to his home -- almost in his front yard -- on Pisgah Church Road. When he checked into what the land was to be used for, he found out about the sale, and he became irate at the thought of the state selling land so cheaply to SCE&G.

So Armstrong, a strong-willed man, went to SCE&G and Mental Health officials to find out why the land hasn't been advertised for sale. He told the Mental Health Department that it couldn't constitutionally sell public land to private persons or individuals without first taking competitive bids on it, and then he offered to buy the land from the state for $5,000 an acre or more. The Mental Health Department said it couldn't do that, because the land was already sold.

That really got David Armstrong mad. He erected a large sign on the edge of his property, adjacent to where the bulldozers were completing the initial work on the new SCE&G substation. The sign said, "South Carolina Electric and Gas Company STOLE This 20 Acres of Land...From South Carolina Taxpayers. Help Us Stop This Illegal Takeover of Land. Call 788-2273... David H. Armstrong, Chairman, Council to Save Public Land."

Whereupon SCE&G got ever angrier at Armstrong. The power company went to Richland County Court and filed a $15,000 libel suit and asked for a restraining order from Judge Legare Bates to make Armstrong take down the sign. Bates set a hearing on the order for August 15, but he also issued a temporary restrainer which commanded Armstrong to cover up the supposedly libelous sign until the matter was settled at the hearing.

Armstrong, claiming that his First Amendment right to freedom of speech had been violated by the injunction, went to State Supreme Court judge Bruce Littlejohn and asked him to overrule Judge Bates' injunction. But Littlejohn refused to do so. That was only the beginning of a complex legal hassle, which is far from over. Armstrong filed a taxpayer's suit against SCE&G in the Common Pleas Court of Richland County, alleging that the sale of the land was unconstitutional and requesting a restrainer to keep SCE&G from doing any work on the substation before the legality of the land sale was decided in court. The suit got off to a slow start, when regular judge John K. Grimball disqualified himself from the case because his wife owned stock in SCE&G.

Judge George Bell Timmerman from neighboring Lexington County was brought in to hear Armstrong's suit. Last week, Timmerman decided to pass the judicial buck by appointing a special referee, agreed upon by Armstrong and SCE&G, to hear the facts in the case and issue an opinion. Then, Timmerman said, he would make his ruling based on the facts and the opinions of the referee.

To make things more confusing, Armstrong is presently preparing another suit -- to get his freedom of speech back. Shut down at the county and state levels, this time the persistent businessman is hoping to have better luck in federal district court. He said the South Carolina chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union is "very interested" in his case, and will probably represent him. And he said he'll also seek aid from the U.S. Justice Department. But he'll still have to get an injunction to get the freedom of speech case moved to the federal courts.

At the core of the dispute is the question of whether SCE&G, as a public utility, should have special rights and privileges that private companies and persons don't have. In South Carolina, the utilities -- power suppliers, telephone companies, railroads, and so on -- have a special status that is midway between private enterprises and public agencies. Because they supply essential services that the public can't do without, it is neither wise nor likely that they should have complete control over their own activities. Yet there are different ideas as to how far their monopolistic practices should extend.

SCE&G, like the other two major power companies (Duke and Carolina Power and Light), is regulated by the Public Service Commission. Its rates and general policies are determined by the PSC -- a necessity for the public good, since monopolies, however essential, can tend to abuse their special powers. In that sense, SCE&G resembles a public agency. Yet in many other ways, the power comapny enjoys the benefits of a private enterprise. It is free to make as much profit as it can within the rate structure set up by the PSC; and it can invest its capital pretty much as it wishes.

Armstrong and other critics feel that SCE&G often has the best of both worlds, having the profit-making capacity and freedom of a private corporation, as well as the legal power and privileges usually enjoyed only by government. Yet Armstrong feels that it's not so much the law that gives SCE&G its power, but rather the way the power company is throwing its money around. In the case of the land deal between SCE&G and the Mental Health Department, Armstrong asserts that the reason SCE&G was able to buy the land for such a "fabulous" price is that, simply, "everybody's bought off."

*****

"Lands belonging to or under the control of the state shall never be donated, directly or indirectly, to private corporations or individuals, or to railroad companies. Nor shall such land be sold to corporations, or associations, for a less price than that for which it can be sold to individuals."

That excerpt from the South Carolina Constitution, Article 3, Paragraph 31, is what David Armstrong is hinging his case against South Carolina Electric and Gas upon. "Anyone who can read the King's English can see that they are violating the constitution," he exclaims. The sale of the land for the Pineland Substation, as it is called, is unconstitutional because the Mental Health Department received no bids on it, he says.

Neither Mental Health officials or SCE&G are contesting the fact that there was no competitive bidding. Rather, they're building their defense on the proposition that this was a special land deal, since SCE&G claims it had to have a substation there if it was to supply power to the north Columbia area. And that's a theory that Armstrong entirely disagrees with.

"We are not in the land sales business," explained Ted Shelton, in the Mental Health public relations office. SCE&G had a valid reason in approaching Mental Health to buy the land, he said; it needed the substation. The power company went through the "normal" procedures for buying the land, and it followed Budget and Control Board rules, Shelton said. "It's certainly not the first time we've been in a

Continued on next page

". . . This isn't the first time someone's been upset by the wheelings and dealings of a power company . . ."

SCE&G vs. Armstrong

Continued from page five

position like this."

SCE&G spokesman Rudy Coward, asked why his company had gotten the land in such an unusual way, offered the same explanation. "This is a special situation," he said. "We have to locate our substations close to our transmission lines." So, he claimed, competitive bidding for the land wasn't feasible like it would have been if private individuals were seeking to buy the land.

"We needed the land very much to have a substation. Armstrong wanted the land for his own use. And there's definitely a difference."

However, Armstrong claimed that even if SCE&G had to have the land, it still should have paid a fair market price for it. The price of $3,560 per acre that SCE&G paid for the land is far from the $5,000 or more than Armstrong claims the state could have gotten for the land if it had been sold to him or another private individual.

The figure of $3,560 was arrived at, Coward said, by taking the higher of the appraisals done by James A. Reese, for SCE&G, and Walter H. Greever Jr., for the Mental Health Department. The two appraisals, while reached separately, were almost identical, the SCE&G spokesman contended.

But a number of nearby landowners agreed last week that the Mental Health Department could have demanded a much higher price for the land it sold to SCE&G, throwing a cloud of suspicion about the appraisals.

Edna Fogle, for example, sold a plot of land just on the other side of U.S. 21 -- only yards away from the new substation -- three years ago for over $5,100 an acre. Her land had considerable frontage on U.S. 21, which might make it more valuable to commercial developers than the substation property, which has no frontage on the major highway. But Mrs. Fogle said there's no way that could account for the difference in price of $1,600 an acre.

The lack of frontage is one factor which SCE&G officials continually cite to explain why they paid so little for their land. But, as Mrs. Fogle also emphasized, being on a major highway has numerous drawbacks which could make the land less desireable, especially to someone who is considering living on the land. Her house is several hundred yards from U.S. 21, but she said, "I wouldn't want to be any closer -- in fact, I'd prefer to be farther away." Asked if she thought the lack of frontage of the SCE&G property would have substantially reduced its market value, Mrs. Fogle replied, "No, it would not, because who would want to live on 21?"

The Pineland substation property "would make very nice development property," said Mrs. Fogle. But would it be worth as much as the land which she sold -- three years ago -- for $5,100 an acre? "I would think it would sell for a heck of a lot more. They could have gotten $5,500 or more, without a doubt."

Right now, in fact, a piece of land next to the SCE&G plot is up for sale, at a considerably higher price than SCE&G paid per acre. Dr. Herbert Dove has put 120 acres on the market, and a realtor at Joe Edens Realty, which is handling the sale, estimated that the price would be at least $5,500 an acre.

Yet, despite the apparently low price at which the Mental Health Department sold its land to SCE&G, the transaction was rapidly approved by the General Assembly. Armstrong said the reason for this is that the General Assembly is replete with lawyer-legislators who are also on the payroll of SCE&G. "There are 25 legislators on their (SCE&G's) payroll," he claimed, "some making over $40,000 a year. How can SCE&G defend going to the legislature when they know they've got 'em in their back pockets?"

Armstrong may be slightly off in saying a legislator has earned as much as $40,000 a year in legal fees and retainers from SCE&G. Records supplied earlier this year by SCE&G show Senator Rembert Dennis as the leading moneywinner in the General Assembly, with $35,600. And we don't know how many legislators are paid by SCE&G for legal work. But there's enough of a possibility of conflict-of-interest that Armstrong can contend, "The Establishment is buying everyone out."

If the legislators approved the sale because they were "bought," as Armstrong alleged, why did the Mental Health Department want to sell its land at such a low price? Armstrong said he believes Mental Health officials "conspired" with SCE&G on the deal. Under the legislative bill authorizing the sale, the Mental Health Department "shall use the proceeds derived from the sale...for permanent capital improvements." In short, Mental Health can keep the $77,080 they got from SCE&G. Armstrong claimed the usual practice on sales of state lands is for the proceeds to be put back in the state's general fund, to be appropriated in the annual budget bill wherever the legislature sees fit.

"We feel there was a conspiracy among state officials" on the SCE&G land sale, Armstrong said, about as directly as he could. "I suspect the reason Mental Health wants that money is for the big lakes they're buying over there." He was referring to several man-made lakes the Mental Health Department is constructing nearby on its Crafts-Farrow Hospital acreage.

Armstrong admitted that when he offered to buy the 22 acres from the Mental Health Department after the allegedly unconstitutional deal with SCE&G, he was mainly trying to prove a point. "What was I gonna use it for? Nothing," he replied. He said he was more worried about upholding the state constitution and protecting the taxpayers' money than in getting the land for himself. But he also conceded, "I offered to buy it because it was such a fabulous price. I'd buy it just for speculation at that price," he added speaking of the $3,500-an-acre figure.

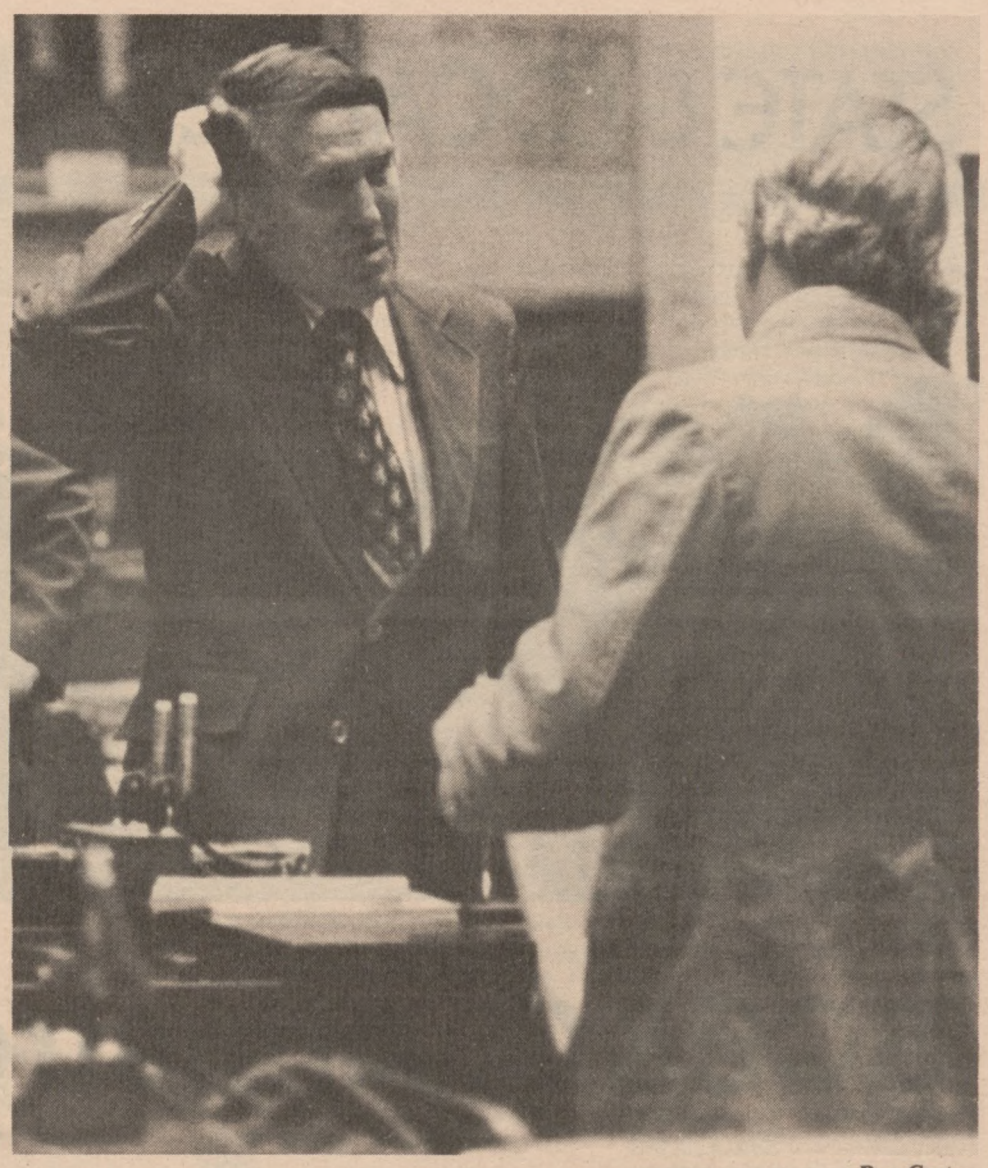
SCE&G officials are taking Armstrong's opposition seriously, though a friend of Armstrong's said the power company was just "laughing it off" until Armstrong put up the controversial billboard. Now, a pal of SCE&G's Coward said the PR man is getting "touchy" about the "Armstrong Substation," as he jestingly called it.

One of the things that undoubtedly rankles SCE&G officials is that Armstrong's intentions are hard to figure. He has a personal interest to protect, admittedly, because his house is right next to the substation. John Fogle, a neighbor, said, "I can understand David's reasoning. He'll get mud washes in his back yard, and the substation certainly won't enhance property values."

Armstrong is by nature a businessman, and a successful one at that; he owns a trucking company and a furniture store, and he's part owner of a construction company. So you'd expect him to put finances first. And he doesn't deny the business aspect of his opposition to the land sale. But he claims that there's more at stake -- the state constitution. "This is the first time I've taken a stand against what public officials have done," he explains. "But this time I'm going to take a strong stand. The constitution shouldn't continue to be abused."

This isn't the first time someone's been upset by the wheelings and dealings of a power company, and it won't be the last. The adverse reaction to recent rate increases by SCE&G and Duke have dramatized public discontent with the way the public utilities are being regulated. The utilities are a very special kind of enterprise, and require especially sophisticated, watchful control -- something the state government doesn't seem to have gotten a handle on yet.

■



Rex Carter

'Good Government' comes to Greenville

By JOE EARLE

GREENVILLE -- Efforts to establish a county government for Greenville County under the new home rule bill (S. 18) are opening splits as old as the idea of county government in South Carolina: the divisions between city, rural and minority interests.

S. 18 has made political allies of Greenville County's conservative rural legislators and the city's black population. Both of these groups object to the way Greenville's present county council is constituted and feel the home rule bill will allow them a chance to remake county council so they can get a political foothold in county government.

"I feel that under the present setup, a little downtown group -- 25 or 30 families -- is in control of the county," Rep. Bill Stroud, a legislator from a rural district of Greenville County and a strong supporter of single-member districts, said. "Reapportionment would put the controls back in the county." Stroud has identified these 30 families as representatives of Multimedia (the owners of The Greenville News, The Greenville Piedmont and WFBC-TV), the Chamber of Commerce and the Cotillion Club.

County Council is composed of nine members who reside in districts but are elected at large. Council's opponents want to institute single-member districts for county elections. Single-member districts, they say, would prevent the dilution of minority (both rural and black) votes in council elections and likely lead to the election of Greenville's first black councilman and several rural-minded council members.

Members of the Greenville legislative delegation have been interested in reapportioning council for several years, according to Rep. Rex Carter, "on the theory that it is fairer." During this past session several members -- including Stroud, Sen. Verne Smith of Greer, and Rep. Theo Mitchell, the only black member of the delegation -- have fought hard to order reapportionment of the council in single-member districts drawn on House election lines.

Greenville legislators introduced three identical reapportionment bills during the last session. The first was sent to the Judiciary Committee by Carter, who is Speaker of the House and opposes the redistricting, and it died in committee. The second was written into the state budget bill, and was vetoed by Gov. Edwards as special legislation. The third was introduced through the full Greenville delegation and was passed the same day as the Home Rule Bill. Edwards refused to sign it and it went into effect five days later at the close of the session.

Stroud said the bill was challenged by the "liberals" on the delegation. "Carter, Riley -- the real liberals on the delegation -- opposed it," he said. "When the Speaker of the House files a minority report against a bill it's hard to get it on the calendar."

But Carter said that his objections to the bill were constitutional. "It's a fallacy to try and get something through (the legislature) that on the face of it is unconstitutional," he said. "The best service to the people would be to have a referendum."

The county council and county attorney agree that the reapportionment bill is unconstitutional and are going to challenge it in court. County Attorney Joseph H. Earle Jr. has said that the bill is special legislation and also contradicts the provisions of the home rule bill.

The home rule bill states that the question of the form a county government will take and whether its members will be elected at large or from single-member districts may be decided by referendum. If a referendum is held on the form of government, but not on the method of election, the bill dictates that there will be single-member districts. But if no referendum at all is held, the county government will stay exactly as it is -- with at-large

Continued on next page

Greenville

Continued from page six

elections in the case of Greenville County. Further confusion comes from the fact that S. 18 gives the legislature the power to determine the number of members in a county government and to draw the boundaries of the districts from which they will be elected. So, even though special legislation is prohibited by Article 8 of the state constitution, S. 18 requires special legislation for its implementation.

The Greenville reapportionment bill passed by the General Assembly calls for a 12-member County Council elected from single-member districts. The present council claims that this is special legislation prohibited by Article 8 and contradicts the provisions of S. 18 that say a referendum will determine how the council is elected. Supporters of the reapportionment bill, however, feel that they are complying with S. 18 since it requires an act of the General Assembly to go into effect. Smith said he felt the reapportionment bill was necessary because it informed Greenville voters how a legislature-created council would be set up.

Lawmaker's opinions on whether the voters of Greenville County actually desire single-member districts seem to depend on which side of the issue an official favors. Carter said he feels the people do not want single-member districts. Councilman Sandy Linning said the majority of the current Greenville County Council "probably favors at large elections" and thought the voters didn't care one way or another. Stroud claimed the electorate would support any change from the present system, and would probably choose the controversial "fifth form" -- rule by the General Assembly -- because "they are fed up with County Council."

Unless the U.S. Justice Department intervenes -- they are studying the home rule bill, but no one seems to know what they will decide -- the issue will soon be decided in court. Earle plans to file a complaint against the reapportionment bill this week, and said an answer could be expected in about a month. Opponents of the bill say it will be thrown out because it is special legislation and it conflicts with S. 18 on determining single-member districts. Supporters say it will be judged constitutional, but can offer little justification other than the "ambiguous" nature of the home rule bill. "How can you expect an old flat tire fixer to know what the courts will do?" Smith asked. ■

James Harrelson

Smokescreen ethics decried

Almost two months after a joint House-Senate committee chewed up and spit out what it called an "ethics bill," criticism of the legislation is still trickling in from various fronts. Last week, the lieutenant governor voiced timid reservations about the new law, calling it "a start -- weaker than it should have been." At a press conference in his State House office, Brantley Harvey lamented that the law doesn't address the need for full disclosure of campaign contributions, and that public officials must reveal only their **direct** financial interests, leaving the field wide open for indirect influence peddling or vote buying.

Public Voice, that state's citizens lobby, and Common Cause of South Carolina added their cries of disgust to the wails of disapproval directed at the new ethics law.

This spring the General Assembly considered four major bills on the ethics of public officials and employees -- a relatively strong House bill, a fairly strict campaign practices act, and two tepid attempts at "ethics" by the Senate old guard. The House bill was rapidly emasculated by amendments that made only **direct** financial interests subject to disclosure; and that raised from $50 to $100 the minimum campaign donation that must be disclosed. The Senate campaign practices bill, authored by Senators Thomas E. Smith (D-Florence) and Harris P. Smith (D-Easley), was quickly shoved aside, ostensibly on the grounds that the final version of the ethics bill would include campaign conduct rules, and thus a separate bill wouldn't be necessary. And the other two Senate bills, prefilled by old-guarders Marion Gressette and Rembert Dennis, were such pablum that they passed easily.

The joint conference committee, chaired by Sen. James "Preacher" Harrelson and including Senators Verne Smith and Isadore Lourie and Representatives John Earle, Buddy Baker and Charles Hodges, was given the job of working out a compromise between the House bill and the two Senate bills that passed. Par for the course, the conference committee worked on the "least common denominator" principle, which says that whenever you have to assimilate bills that differ in their strength, you save only the weaker elements of the various bills and throw out the rest.

Common Cause, a national organization which recently established a South Carolina chapter, sent out a press release early in July mapping out its legislative strategy for the coming year. And the passage of a strong ethics bill was on the top of its agenda for the General Assembly. Common Cause gave away its cynical attitude immediately, when it said, "The General Assembly finally passed something labeled an 'ethics bill.' "

A liberal, consumer-oriented organization, Common Cause protested the legislative hypocrisy under which, it says, "many successful House candidates ran on platforms advocating strong ethics legislation." Yet the House bill was gutted by, among other ploys, a redefinition of "economic interests" to include only "something sold directly to a State agency, county, city, etc." Common Cause claimed that the House bill's "strong wording of the filing clauses" was "rendered meaningless by the restrictive definition of economic interest."

The two Senate ethics bills, Common Cause said, "were very weak to start and became weaker as the Senate worked on them." Okay, but how does Common Cuase feel about the finished product passed in late May? "...The General Assembly re-enacted some good laws that had been on the books a long time. And the act contains some very weak and unclear provisions dealing with campaign practices and campaign disclosure," the statement said. The campaign finances clauses were ineffective in that the ethics law makes candidates disclose who made contributions over $100, but not **how much**; and even that doesn't have to be revealed until 30 days **after** the election.

Public Voice, a statewide consumer lobby, made many of the same criticisms in its June newsletter. Like Common Cause, Public Voice put more ethics legislation at the top of its list of much-needed legislation for 1976 -- which is a pretty sad statement on the General Assembly, in light of how much its power brokers bragged about the fact that they had listened to "The People" and passed an ethics bill this year. Fortunately, thanks to a more enlightened electorate, it takes more than words to convince "The People," and the legislative bigwigs didn't quite manage to blow this one by them.

The major flaw in the Harrelson committee's bill, according to Public Voice, is that it sets up three different ethics commissions -- one for the Senate, one for the House, and one for other public officials and employees. "The possibilities for conflicts-of-interest in such an arrangement are numerous and obvious," Public Voice claims. Senators would comprise the Senate ethics committee, and House members the House ethics committee, which would mean that legislators would have the responsibility of judging themselves.

In fairness to the Harrelson committee, Public Voice pointed out, it was Attorney General Dan McLeod who killed the idea of a single ethics commission, when he issued an opinion that it would be unconstitutional. (McLeod argued that under the constitution, only the House could decide its rules of conduct, and likewise for the Senate.) Yet, Public Voice said, "The opinion is only advisory (and) it should not stand in the way of good legislation." There's no doubt that Harrelson -- certainly no great supporter of a single, strong commission -- was taken off the hook by the McLeod opinion.

"Finally," opined Public Voice, "the Harrelson bill provides that almost everything connected with the workings of the new ethics law will be in secret! With virtually no public access to information or proceedings, continued mistrust by the people is practically assured and probably justified."

That's not a very optimistic way to talk about a new law which is supposed to clean up South Carolina's government and make all men free and happy. But it's an accurate assessment of what has essentially been smokescreen legislation all along. ■

HAMPTON BOOKS (os)
Old & rare books:
Americana (incl the South)
art, children's books, literature, photography, science fiction
Out-of-print search service
Ph. 276-6870
Rt. 1 Box 76,
Newberry, S C 29108
(US Hwy. 176, 2 mi. N. of S.C. 34)

A Public Service of This Newspaper & The Advertising Council
Ad Council
America's greatest self-help program.
Red Cross. The Good Neighbor.

abc southeastern Theatres
Richland Mall II
Beltline at Forest Drive
phone 782-2228
Now Showing
2-4:30 7-9:30
PG
STREISAND & CAAN
Funny Lady
WITH
OMAR SHARIF

The Pizza Problem.
Villa
It's a hunger for pizza that strikes when all the restaurants are closed.
Our new all day hours will eliminate the pizza problem.
Monday-Thursday 11:30 a.m.-1:00 a.m.
Friday 11:30 a.m.-2:00 a.m.
Saturday 4:30 p.m.-2:00 a.m.
Sunday 4:30 p.m.-1:00 a.m.
The Villa - 799-6160

Clockwise from top left, director Mark Henriksen discusses a scene with actress Mabel Hall; sound man Ev man Eve subjective

The last days of 'Miss

A look at S. C. filmmakers at work

Filming at the makeshift "studio" on Calhoun Street [top] and the Hampton Street News Stand [above, left and right]. Note the use of a wheelchair as an improvised camera dolly.

Several weeks ago I received an invitation to watch the final days of shooting on a locally produced short film, **The Decline of Miss Dolph**, and being movie struck with Kliegl lights in my eyes I naturally accepted. **Miss Dolph** is a fiction film, the longest (30 minutes) and most elaborate such movie to be sponsored by the South Carolina Arts Commission, and concerns a few days in the life of an old, broken woman who is struggling against poverty and loneliness. The crew, I was told, had been filming on the weekends for nearly two months, mostly in an old house over on Calhoun Street, and knowing nothing more about the movie, that is where I sought them out that Saturday morning.

The scene that greeted me was hardly commensurate with the usual visions of Hollywood glamor...stage hands and assistant directors swirling around the director seated in his canvas chair, jackbooted and full of firm, calming assurance...camera mounted on a sky-high crane with a tiny insect barking orders from a megaphone... grids and light stands with thousands of spots and floods and "babies" and "tenners" and "deuces" and "scoops," all focused on two classically chiseled profiles in a clinch. ..."Lights! Camera! Ready when you are C.B.!"

Rather, the participants were crowded into a small, roughly 12 by 14 room at the top of a cobwebbed and mud besplattered walk-up, and the 16mm camera, shotgun mike, and three lights were all pointed at a frail-looking woman sprawled on a bedsted, staring up at the ceiling. The director, Mark Henriksen, a young, lanky, distracted looking fellow, was telling the woman, whom he called Mabel, that he wanted her to softly hum, "something unrecognizable" and then slowly raise herself up and look into an empty bird cage at the end of the bed.

"Let your expression melt to one of depression," he

says
ges
mot
And
exp
all.
"ne
exp
ope
whe
off
len
hav
inst
air
the
pre
and
tha
call
cig
up
par
wit

Clockwise from left: Mabel Payne discusses a scene with Henriksen; sound man John Myer; cameraman Everett Davis films a subjective, "point-of-view" shot.

Director Mark Henriksen

The major occupation while filmmaking ... waiting.

ss Dolph'

Story and photos by Venson Steadman

says.

Mabel gives it a try and then complains that the gesture is awkward and that she needs a better motivation, "like going to the bathroom or something." And she demurs at the other directions, "You want an expression that would do everything without any words at all."

The discussion goes on with mention of a needed "nebulous" quality and "strictly cinematic" means of expression. Outside soundman John Myer and mike operator Tom Hohan are discussing an incident at ETV where Myer apparently works -- a color TV camera falling off its pedestal.

"Off a Houston?"

"Yeah. Luckily it fell on the viewfinder instead of the lens."

Finally Henriksen and his cameraman, Everett Davis, have prepared their shot and Mark gives David lens instructions, "Wide, squeeze on the cage, and tilt." The air conditioner is turned off and everyone grows quiet for the take.

"Roll sound."

"Roll camera."

"Slate."

"Synch."

It's over in less than a minute. At least 30 minutes of preparation have been necessary for this brief sequence, and everyone is obviously growing weary at the slow pace that morning. Finally, after several more shots, a break is called while the lights are readjusted. Mabel lights up a cigarette, and in the kitchen next to the "set" Tom holds up a baggie with a dead bird in it.

"Our former star," he tells me. It seems that a major part of the film story concerns Miss Dolph's friendship with her pet bird, who toward the end of the movie escapes, leaving her completely alone. The death of this airborne lead is no major tragedy, however, for I am told that they have other birds available for the few necessary shots that remain.

Mabel is Mabel Payne, a local woman who responded to the audition announcements that Henriksen posted around town in various rest homes. When I asked her if she has had any previous acting experience, she replied that she had been in live television during its early days in New York, had been on stage since age 13, and had elocution school before that. "But you're probably too young to know what that means," she says, flicking her wide, dark eyes in my direction.I ask her what are the differences between this, her first film, and stage and television, and she complains about the long delays that make it "hard to hold your moods." At 65 she is obviously cast for the part, although off camera she abandons Miss Dolph's stooped, timid movements and becomes relatively spry, and I am later informed that she looks considerably younger shed of the makeup necessary for the camera.

In charge of all this is Mark Henriksen, a 25-year-old graduate of Iowa State who came to Columbia to work for ETV and got a filmmaking grant from the Arts Commission on the strength of an animated film that he made while still in school, **Hallelujah**.Mark's main job is, as he puts it, "to do all the worrying." What he has to worry about is primarily money, since the film's budget of $4,000 while seemingly great, is relatively skimpy for a half-hour color movie."Practically all of our money goes for film stock" ($38 per ten minutes just for the raw stock), he tells me and the only member of the crew to be paid is Miss Payne, and that a somewhat tokenistic $200.

Mark's own view of his work is that he is not trying to teach the audience something through film but simply enjoys working in the medium because of the many eclectic possibilities and because he feels it's an effective way to get people's interest and attention. He originally planned to major in art and biology, changed to architecture, and finally chose film -- an interesting progression that is almost an abstract reduction of the kind of disciplines involved in filmmaking.

The crew resumed shooting and continued throughout the afternoon. The next day they moved on location to the Dobb's five and ten on Rosewood Drive and the Hampton Street News Stand where more delays were encountered. At the Dodd's, a long under-credits sequence was to be shot that included a television on the check-out counter playing a simulated talk show with a typically banal, "Jacqueline Susann-type" guest. After waiting a half hour or so to get in, it was discovered that the TV wouldn't interface with the video tape recorder used to supply the sequence, and crew members were dispatched to bring their own sets until one was found that would work. Finally the elaborately timed, four-minute take was put "in the can."

At the News Stand that evening there were again problems with getting in after hours, but this time the work went relatively smoothly. Miss Dolph was shown visiting one of her routine haunts and stealing a book she didn't have the money to buy. At 9 o'clock they knocked off work for what had obviously been a long weekend, but this was by no means the end of their labors. Another weekend's work was scheduled with Miss Payne with more shooting after that, six weeks of editing and post-production processes, and finally a premier sometime next fall. The litany of delays and snaffus merely brought home to me the problems and consequent dedication necessary for making such a movie. It's a lot of work for 30 minutes of film. ■

music

by michael bane

Wills is hot property

The only time I used to listen to country music was when I hit the wrong button on my father's car radio. Then, for one awful, embarrassing ("Your father actually listens to that junk!") moment, the car was filled with the strident discord of divorce, drunkenness and debauchery, yielding to the calmer harmonies of the Byrds or the make-out pulse of rhythm and blues ("50,000 Watts of Solid Soul Power") only with much knob twisting and mumbled apologies. Only the terminally gauche and the elderly listened to country music intentionally.

So why, almost a decade later, do I find myself punching the wrong button more and more; forsaking the glitter, and I use the term loosely, of top-40 for the divorce, drunkenness and debauchery just down the dial?

There are plenty of partial reasons, most laying the blame on the sterility of modern rock. But those reasons overlook the genuine quality of country music, a quality that has gone through the same fire-forming over the past decade as rock. In fact, country music seems to have settled into a permanent identity crisis, brought on by artists who flatly refuse to acknowledge labels and schisms in the country pantheon.

The latest panic centers on the tepid music of Olivia Newton-John, and once and for all country musicians are going to set the rest of the entertainment world straight on that perennial question: what is "country?" (Hint: Olivia isn't.)

The result of all this artistic witch-hunting is that all manner of country performers are surfacing, further clouding the waters between the various musical forms.

All of which touches David Wills only tangentially -- there is no doubt that he is a country performer. David Wills isn't one of the first of country music's new breed. In fact, he may be the last of the old.

Wills comes to country music on the crest of a success story that sends a thousand Greyhounds to Nashville each year. While playing a sleazy club in Mississippi, he's persuaded to enter a talent contest at a second-rate amusement park. He's spotted by a big-time producer who happens by, scooped up and trundled to a recording studio, where one of the biggest names in country music agrees to produce his first single. The record, of course, soars to the top of the charts, and David Wills is a star. He's 23 years old.

You'd never know it from the way he sings, his age, that is. The voice is resonant, mellow, giving the impression of being aged for years in Tennessee whiskey -- a sad voice.

"I want a drink. Here's a twenty, and
Bring my change in dimes. There's a
Song on the jukebox I want to hear a
Thousand times." 1

"I don't know why. That's just the way it sounds," says Wills, the first time we talked, both sitting on a rolled-up carpet backstage after a benefit concert. "There's a Song on the Jukebox" is beginning to slide from the top of the country charts, while "From Barrooms to Bedrooms," his second single, is on its way up. He's tired and a little bemused over all the attention he's getting.

"I've been playing nightclubs since I was 14 years old, and you see a lot of life in those places if you hang around long enough," says Wills. He'd been playing a nightclub in Southaven, Mississippi, one of Memphis' raunchier suburbs, when he entered a local talent contest. Except in his music, the brawls and the drunks and the hookers from those early years seem very distant with the coming of success.

"They won't let you be a lady
'Cause everyone knows
From barrooms to bedrooms
That's where your love goes." 2

"I was playing in these clubs and thinking that one morning I was going to wake up 50 years old and still be in these clubs," he says, finishing off a lukewarm Sprite. "A good friend heard about this talent contest, picked up an entry form and talked me into playing."

He was selling men's wear at a Memphis department store and working the bars at night before entering the contest -- "My wife and I wanted to take a vacation, but you don't make a lot of money selling men's wear." Joyce, his wife, was helping out with a full-time job bottling aspirin in a factory. After the contest, he was $1,000 richer, on his way to a recording studio with

David Wills: "if I worked at it long enough, I'd succeed."

Sy Rosenberg, long-time manager of Charlie Rich and eventually on the road with Charlie Rich Productions -- not to mention riding up the charts with the Rich-produced "There's a Song on the Jukebox," co-authored by country music wizard Billy Sherrill.

"No, it didn't surprise me. I'm a very positive person," he says. "I'm not bragging now -- don't get me wrong. I've been playing and singing since I was nine years old, and I really thought that if I worked at it long enough, I'd succeed."

There's plenty of fan magazine copy to toss fresh wood on the embers of the Nashville myth -- getting his first guitar for six dollars from a swap shop, recording a jingle for Sundrop Bottling Company at the ripe old age of twelve, leaving his tiny hometown of Pulaski, Tennessee for the wilds of Memphis, Chicago and Nashville -- plenty to inspire the next David Wills.

"Things are happening for me, and I owe it all to Charlie Rich and Sy Rosenberg," says Wills, sincere. "If you don't have people who believe in you, you just can't make it."

He talks about being on the road, about working in the studio, about how hard his being gone all the time is on his wife.

"But I remember working my tail off in a nightclub, from 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. with nothing but drunks for an audience, and I don't have any complaints," he says. "I told Joyce, stick with me for a couple of years, and you won't have to work again for the rest of your life. If things keep clicking, my wife won't have to worry and neither will my dogs."

"So she spent the evening in your arms
I guess you think you've won...
If you manage to keep her, mister
You're a better man than me." 3

"Barrooms to Bedrooms" is a slick album and a better than average first effort. Charlie Rich and Sy Rosenberg have added their distinctive touches to Wills' voice -- low-key string arrangements and female background vocals. It's country music in the purest sense of the word -- divorces, affairs, drunks, barmaids permeate the album. But Wills' superb voice glosses over the maudlin touches. The album is flawed by a lack of unity, not surprising on a first album obviously designed for a maximum of AM airplay -- the longest cut is well under three minutes. Four of the album's ten songs were authored by Charlie Rich, with Wills' co-authoring "From Barrooms to Bedrooms." I'd like to hear Wills try some more challenging material and do a little more writing on his own -- "From Barrooms to Bedrooms" is the best cut on the album.

"You have found a new love
And I have found one too
Yours is a new boyfriend
But mine is mountain dew." 4

The next time I talked to David Wills was months later, after a concert in Greensboro, North Carolina. He seemed older, tireder and less willing to talk than before.

"Yeah," he said. Things are still clicking. Bought a house in the suburbs the other day. Joyce quit work at the factory. Otherwise, things are about the same."

Com'on, his public relations person insisted. David Wills is a hot property -- find out something about him that's never been printed. Here's your chance. Probe.

Wills cracked up. ■

"... The album is flawed by a lack of unity, not surprising on a first album obviously designed for AM play ..."

1. "There's a Song on the Jukebox," copyright Algee Music;
2. "From Barrooms to Bedrooms," copyright Double R Music;
3. "You're a Better Man Than Me," copyright Rhomers Music Co. Inc., and the New York Times Music Corp.;
4. "My Mountain Dew," copyright Charles Rich Music.)

alt-lee photographers, inc.

portraits
mike suber
2009 Devine Street

254-1691
after hours
776-3583

commercial
mick hjelmhaug
Five Points

A GOURMET'S DELIGHT

* Gourmet Sandwiches
* Great Drinks
* Open 6 Days 11:00 a.m.—Midnight
* Weekend Entertainment

Five Points
634 Harden Street
252-6595

STAGE DOOR

television

by Dan Lackey

Random notes from videoville

". . . 'Adam-12' is valuable in that it provides at least a half-dozen parts for unemployable actors . . ."

Loafing around in the periodical stacks, I was a little surprised and pleased to read in two recent issues of that distinguished little weekly journal of politics and the arts, The New Republic, two short essays on two currently popular TV detective shows -- "Kojak" and "Harry O." Both pieces were written by occasional television writer Roger Rosenblatt, director of educational programs for the National Endowment for the Humanities and the author of **Black Fiction** (and named this week as NR's new book editor). Television, especially prime time, is a favorite punching bag for intellectuals -- a tiresome exercise -- and so both of Rosenblatt's articles struck me as notable chiefly for their lack of the customary condescension. Rosenblatt, happily, didn't go in for any quick pop-sociological summations. In fact, Rosenblatt treated old Kojak (Telly Savales) and Harry Orwell (David Jansen) as if they were real characters in real worthwhile fiction, deserving of the common courtesy of the willing suspension of our disbelief. He didn't just write them off as banal ads for, and examples of, a defective popular taste or attitude.

Rosenblatt even repeats the plot of a major episode from each series, and takes this prime time escapist fare far more seriously than it obviously takes itself by -- get this -- examining the themes implicit in each. In doing this Rosenblatt superficially resembles those counter-culture critics who insist on regarding Garfunkel and Dylan as great poets. But whereas the critical Dylan buffs are consciously proselytizing for pop culture in the hopes of generating political mileage, Rosenblatt just seems to have written about ordinary television shows as if they were for real and not just a commercial put-on, and in doing so leaves us with things to consider about each during the commercial breaks.

Rosenblatt doesn't seem to think either of the shows are any great shakes, but he quietly and conservatively shapes his own commentary by dealing with the actual substance of each show, something not generally done by the critics of video-land; his straight-down-the-pike recounts and unpretentious analyses reveal the tube for the litmus paper it really is in the matters of social psychology. Last week in this space I suggested that the late Alan Watts often presented Eastern concepts as if he were selling priceless antiques to a five-and-dime mentality. Rosenblatt's thoughts on television seem to be something of the reverse of this process. He's taken a couple of trinkets and polished them off as valuable antiques, to good effect.

*****

SHORT SHOTS: "TAKING OUT THE TRASH"

I never thought that I could stoop so low as to recommend what I knew to be an unkind belly laugh. But that was before I saw Father Schlinkert on "With This Ring," Channel 10's Sunday night sing-off sermonette. The good Father is up in some years, has a bald bean-shaped head and wears wire-rimmed glasses. Every sermonette is such an exercise in sacred senility that the first time you see Father Schlinkert you think he must be performing a comic take-off. The president of Notre Dame once said rather emphatically that the religious community needed competence, not more compassion. Poor Father Schlinkert, God love him, shows compassion, but incompetently. He is, alas, one of those ancient role models from which little kids learn to equate the word piety with stupidity. "With This Ring" beams out to us from Detroit.

*****

In real life, that man in the cop uniform still cuts for most of us a disturbing authoritarian figure. But being typical Friendly Americans we like to hope that deep-down he's really a Nice Guy. And in real life, grown-up people still need some reminder of the Hardy Boys. And so "Adam-12", one of the most god-awful shows on television, goes through its seventh (!) season on NBC without so much as a scratch. It stars Martin Milner and Kent McCord as officers Malloy and Reed, and each episode is supposed to show the average type day of two typical cops on the beat. Malloy and Reed take care of about seven or eight emergencies per half hour, which isn't bad considering time alloted commercials. A traffic ticket here, a homicide there, and then back across town for a robbery after taking a cat out of a tree and saving an ugly lady from choking to death on a wishbone. A couple of weeks ago they rounded up three Schlitz beer commercial bulls running loose in downtown LA.

Malloy and Reed are not just clean cut, they're clean cut-outs. They grin apple pie. The subtext of everything they say is in the Boy Scout Handbook. And if you happen to be an old lady who loves to death a smart young man in a smart young uniform, the two in this show are probably enough to make you cream in your corset. "Adam-12" is valuable only to the extent that it provides at least a half-dozen guest-crook character parts for otherwise unemployable actors and actresses. ■

S. C. Ecogram

Continued from page three

collapsed, others told about the ruined livelihoods after the lands were scraped bare and left to erode. The aides would say they sure hoped the override would succeed, but their man just had too much pressure to vote for it."

South Carolina conservationists were dismayed when the entire delegation caved in when push came to shove. Some of the Congressmen had voted for controls in the past, and the much-weakened bill before Congress this year had been passed after compromise with the Ford administration. The bill had been vetoed, in its stronger form, too late for an override vote last session. Then, with this year's veto, it would have seemed that at least one of the state's delegation would get mad. But no such luck.

Conservationists in South Carolina are getting reconciled to the fact that there simply isn't any pressure like the pressure of the power industry on the government officials and politicians of the state. Apparently, from the lobbyist/campaign contributor machinery to the fees system for lawyer/legislators, the utilities have themselves in the driver's seat. As one observer noted, "They carry a big stick." In any event, the national disgrace of strip mining without reclamation continues, eating up hundreds of acres of American land each day.

Credit the South Carolina delegation with the blame for at least part of it. ■

pronto film service

PRINTS FROM SLIDES, OVERNIGHT!

OVERNIGHT PROCESSING IN BLACK AND WHITE AND COLOR

Ask for price list.
Telephone 799-0446

1106 Hagood Avenue
Columbia, S. C. 29205

"Eleven years ago Michael got leukemia. Last spring we got married."

Mrs. Ann Finamore

"Michael's thirteenth birthday was supposed to be his last. And now we're celebrating our first anniversary. Because cancer research developed new treatments. Michael's alive. You should see how alive!

"There's a lot more research to be done and a lot more people to save. So give to the American Cancer Society. We want to wipe out cancer in your lifetime."

American Cancer Society

This space contributed by the publisher

"The Man Who Does Not Read Is No Better Off Than The Man Who Cannot"

Capitol Newsstand

1204 Main Street

and

Hampton Street Newsstand

1220 Hampton Street

films

by Venson Steadman

Streisand: from girl to lady

James Caan and Barbra Streisand -- a grande dame **at 33?**

By changing the title of this continuation of the Fanny Brice story from **Funny Girl** to **Funny Lady**, the producers have done more than provide a catchy summary of the plot differences. They have also, I think, put their collective finger on how things have changed with Barbra Streisand in the seven intervening years since that earlier film and perhaps on what is most wrong with this new sequel. **Funny Lady** is an entertaining movie, a slickly made musical bio in a somewhat old-fashioned tradition, but one's major impression on leaving it is that Streisand, who dominates it as she has almost all of her films, has begun to lose those qualities that originally made her so appealing, has begun to cloak herself in the glamor and reserve of a "lady" of the theatre. Perhaps the central question posed by **Funny Lady** is: will Streisand become a **grande dame** at age 33?

Certainly the prospects do not look hopeful. Of course Streisand was palpably a major star from the beginning -- a supertalented singer whose style produced a whole generation of imitators, an able comedienne and actress -- and as she told interviewers after the 1964 triumph of **Funny Girl** on Broadway, "I always knew I hadda be famous and rich. I had to be a star or **nothing**." Everyone agreed, but what has been most appealing to me and I suspect most of her fans about Streisand is that underneath that gloss of talent was a slightly cross-eyed Jewish kid with a too big nose, an ugly duckling whose great gifts transformed her at the callow age of 20 (in **I Can Get It For You Wholesale**) to a famous and acclaimed but nevertheless particularly girlish sort of star. Surely it was no accident that those early TV specials often featured her in little girl costumes or there were album covers (such as "My Name Is Barbra": an old snapshot with a big bow ribbon) with a similar motif. As her then husband Elliott Gould put it, "I often think of Barbra as 46 going on eight."

It was this vulnerable, unspoiled...at the risk of ruffling libber feathers...this peculiarly **feminine** quality that Streisand has shared (perhaps not coincidentally) with such other recent important women stars as Liza Minelli and Ellen Burstyn and that is absent from the metallized mannequins like Susan Blakely and Ali McGraw. It was the quality emphasized in **Funny Girl** with Fanny Brice hopelessly and abjectly in love with the romantic gangster Nicky Arnstein, and that has been foremost in some of her most popular films such as **The Way We Were** and less notably (it was exploited) in **For Pete's Sake**. It was, most importantly, the quality that spilled over into her singing and that listening to those early albums makes them so remarkable. If Streisand caused a revolution in popular singing, maybe it was because she brought an untutored, unjaded ear to the old standards, freshly discovering them for herself and thus making them new for her listeners. It was that rare thing: innocence expressing itself with a maturity of technique.

In **Funny Lady** the technique is still there but the innocence and therefore much of the meaning are not; the film leaves one with an empty, hollow feeling. This time around Streisand plays the Fanny Brice of the Depression years and beyond, after her divorce from Arnstein and the decline of Ziegfeld. Early on, she meets Billy Rose (James Caan), a crude but likable songwriter and entrepeneur, and eventually they fall into a comfortable if unpassionate marriage that finally runs aground on the reappearences of Arnstein (Omar Sharif) and on Rose's unfaithfulness. Brice coasts through the forties in the profitable and spiritually undemanding chore of the voice of the "Baby Snooks" radio show, and in the film's somewhat ambiguous ending she is still unfulfilled but reconciled, with the slightly silvered hair and calm of the truly distinguished lady.

"... Streisand has begun to lose those qualities that originally made her so appealing ..."

The role is not one that calls for a great deal of emotion -- the script even drops in Brice's reputed comment on the later phase of her love life, "I fell in like with him" -- nor does Streisand provide it. It's not so much that she is holding back through the sort of prima donnaism represented by the recent flap over her nonappearance on the same Tonight show as Beverly Sills; such an act is hardly unusual reflex of star temperament. Rather Streisand has begun to develop the kind of reserve one normally associates with stars who have been around for decades and seen it all, the substituting of professionalism for inspiration and freshness. When she gives a heavily ironic rendering of "How Lucky Can You Get" at one of the movie's big climaxes it's obvious that she is doing a "turn," playing for the big effect with precise exactitude rather than expressing something. How different was her similar treatment of "Happy Days Are Here Again" 13 years ago, a slyly mournful counterpoint to the lyrics that approached an almost purgative quality. The few scenes in **Funny Lady** that do suggest a genuine emotion such as the first appearance of Arnstein in which she tells him, "I want to crawl into your back pocket and just stay there," are mashed by the soundtrack that soars on cue into a gushingly phony reprise of the "People" number from **Funny Girl.**

Of course it's not just Streisand's show. Roddy McDowall is on hand as Brice's figurative eunuch, her secretary and companion, and he gives his usual solid, thankless support. James Caan, singing almost more embarrassingly than Jack Nicholson, is entirely satisfactory as Rose, although his use of a little mouse voice when he must reject Fanny is hardly a brilliant solution to an awkwardly contrived scene. Omar Sharif is once again unforgivable as Arnstein ("I love you Fanny," he intones) who like his considerably more honorable brother, Ashley Wilkes/Lesley Howard, is the sort of romantically "classy" character whose appeal is only explicable to a little girl mind if not, presumably, to a little girl body.

But ultimately for the usually spirited Streisand to be confined in this restrained, noble sufferer routine is a heavy load from which **Funny Lady** never recovers. I doubt if this will matter to some fans who may follow Brice's tribulations as closely as those of Mary Worth, and in fact Streisand does show some tendencies toward becoming a latter day Joan Crawford, the sympathetic Mildred Pierce of her time. But I hope this won't happen. For members of my generation particularly it may seem that Streisand has been around long and prominently enough to be entitled to be a grande dame -- her career spans more than half the time I have been alive. Still, a squawk of protest is called for. For our major female talent to be mummified so soon into an institution would be a major tragedy indeed. ■

*****

Funny Lady is now playing at the Richland Mall II Theatre.

BOX OFFICE OPENS 12:30
SHOWS CONTINUOUS FROM 1:00 P.M.

He was taught to kill.
Rape was his own idea!

forced entry
X
STARRING
LAURA CANNON
PLAYBOYS 'PORNO QUEEN'
COLOR
A VARIETY FILMS RELEASE

-PLUS-

"Sex, Freedom and Marriage"
RATED X RATED X

CINE-ARTS THEATRE
1017 WASHINGTON ST - 779-3033
COLUMBIA, S.C.

COLUMBIA'S ORIGINAL XXX ADULT THEATRE

theatre

by Mike Smith

Workshop: two major moods

Terrence Rattigan's **Harlequinade** and **The Browning Version** study two major moods of drama -- the comic and the un-comic. These one-acters, designed as companion pieces, not only present two well-plotted narratives and two groups of interesting and finely drawn characters, but also represent nearly every contradiction which exists in the universe and the theatre.

Harlequinade must pass as the evening's comedy, for it generates laughs, and surrealist work, for the rather ludicrous actions performed therein suggest the existence of some metaphysical world unlike our own. Rattigan examines the last minute problems which befall a peripatetic, over-the-hill, husband-wife team of Shakespearean actors putting finishing touches on their **Romeo and Juliet**.

Jack Wakefield, the stage manager, best describes this couple's relationship with the world and each other. "They are theatrical," he tells his fiancee, and their reactions to the many problems reality presents them in the course of the play only prove his point. Rattigan stacks the deck, of course, by making each affliction more absurd and more comic than the preceding one.

As the Lunt-Fontaine of this **demi-monde**, Dan Burns and Belle Mead Heckel create a warmth and togetherness in spite of the many differences of physical and emotional being between the two. Newcomer Steve Wisdo is very officious and harried as the stage manager, Jack Wakefield, who really cannot manage this flow of madness. Among the many other supporting actors, Helen Mendel as Dame Maude, Mike Pelfrey and Bob Hungerford as bit players, Michael Roh as a pouting Mercutio, Ari Sims as the flabbergasted secretary, and Barbara Bixby as Jack's fiancee contribute to the merriment.

The Browning Version, on the other hand presents a portrait of married life very similar to that found in **Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?** A weak heart forces Andrew Crocker-Harris, the put-upon professor, and his harridan wife Millie to leave his safe but undistinguished teaching position in search of an easier life for him. Frank Hunter is the young teacher who physically threatens their union, and erratic student John Taplow the son they never had. Like George and Martha in Albee's duel, the Crocker-Harrises parry and thrust about their living room before exorcising certain "demons" from their marriage.

The title refers to Victorian poet Robert Browning's translation of **Agamemnon**, that old tale of a scorned lover's revenge. The double homicide of Millie Crocker-Harris and young Hunter also seems an inevitable fact. But, as Andrew tells his petty headmaster, "Sometimes an anti-climax is better." Such is true with Rattigan's work.

Ron Culbreth gives an immaculate, moving performance as the passionless, "already dead" Crocker-Harris. Millie gives her version of the man; in Culbreth's performance we can see that version, but we can also find how and why her version -- like Browning's -- isn't the original. The other cast members include the always excellent Meredith Pogue as the sarcastic, snarling, sultry wife. Mike Pelfrey submerges his Hunter in an aura of **bonhomie** which cloaks his passionless adultery from Andrew **and** Millie. Tom Beard embodies well Taplow's love-hate relationship with Crocker-Harris.

Meredith Pogue and Ron Culbreth in "The Browning Version."

Director Malie Bruton, as always, runs a tight ship and exercises a judicious hand with both the comedy and the drama inherent in these plays. She has cast many newcomers to acting in the many roles, drawing from the most inexperienced presentable and entertaining performances.

Rattigan's work is play-making; moreover, his plays work well. Looking at life's incongruities and chaos through the contradictory faces of comedy and tragedy, this playwright dishes up two fine entertainments, which administer equal dosages of laughter and tears. Like bookends, these are a perfectly matched pair, but they work at (ends) opposite from each other.

Inge mirrors life honestly

Picnic predates the 1955 **Bus Stop** by two years, but somehow this bitter sweet tragicomedy of the younger William Inge seems the more mature work. The USC Summer Repertory Theatre's production of **Picnic** is as glowing and pleasurable as last spring's **Bus Stop**, so Inge's homespun drama has a brilliant showcase from which to work its spells.

Basically, **Picnic** exploits an old barnyard myth -- hens go crazy whenever a new rooster arrives. Inge creates from this premise a soap opera with feeling and several women's roles of incredible depth and intensity as he probes the confrontation between a young, rugged transient and five lonely, frustrated women.

The women, inhabitants of a hum-drum Kansas town, are putting the final touches on one of their yearly rituals -- a Labor Day picnic. Flo Owens, daughters Madge and Millie, boarder Rosemary Sydney, and neighbor Helen Potts form the stark, matriarchal community which the loquacious, boisterous Hal Carter invades early one morning. The 60-ish Helen Potts becomes Hal's first "victim" when she agrees to trade him breakfast and a slice of cherry pie for some yard work. Puttering shirtless in Helen's yard, Hal's hulking body soon attracts the attention of the Owens' household.

Inge concerns himself with the how and why of this phenomenon. Slowly, surely, he reveals his women, creating five honest, breathing characters who must come to grips with their static, small-town lives and their roles within that society. Hal Carter becomes more than just a strikingly handsome man; he is a kinky and strange idea whose time has come to Kansas.

This last offering by the USC revolving theatre works well with one exception. As Hal Carter, Alex Daniels has another well-written Inge role, for he played the amiable kidnapper Bo Decker in **Bus Stop**. Unfortunately, he has relied too much upon his earlier characterization. A caricatural facade worked well in the lightweight **Bus Stop**, but in **Picnic** his comic muggings are too broad. He misses areas of Hal's complex makeup because, once locked into this overplaying, Daniels cannot adapt as characters and situations change from moment to moment.

Karen Williams finally gets an earthy, dramatic role which fully taps her vast abilities. As the fading Flo Owens, Williams is an overbearing, plotting "mother hen" who broods over her daughters but who, in spite of her failures, commands a dignity and pride which ennoble her simple life. Barbara Wesner subtly works out the changes which befall Madge, the elder and "dumber" daughter whom Flo would consign to a protective, unfulfilling marriage of convenience. Wesner makes the pampered Madge believably likable and pristine.

Miriam Taylor gives the bratty Millie a certain spunk, but she cannot make credible the transformation from tom-boy to proper miss. Laura Lind continues her winning ways with an excellent performance as Rosemary Sydney, the "old maid" school teacher who emotionally explodes. She cleverly balances the comic and dramatic traits which make her Rosemary such a pitiable but likable character. Drucilla Brookshire's Helen Potts is a congenial woman full of rich humor and kindness. Brookshire manages the aging process with grace and skill, but she cannot overcome the ridiculous gray wig (a leftover from **Charley's Aunt?**) used to denote her advanced age.

Director Russell Green maintains a continuous flow of dialogue and action. Though he cannot subdue Daniels, he does integrate his other actors well, producing an ensemble of Kansans who fit together. He has managed a crystallization of the different elements at work here -- something which evaded him in **Hot l Baltimore**.

Though Inge's denouement is hardly surprising, he builds into **Picnic** a life and activity which mirrors our own with honesty and concern. **Picnic** isn't the sparkling comic joy that **Charley's Aunt** is, but it also isn't a syrupy, philosophical mess like **Hot l**. It is, simply, a decent play which will enrich and entertain.

*****

Picnic will play on July 19, 24, 25, 29, and 30 at the USC Theatre. ■

You'll be glad you've got a Hiking Boot this good...

Vasque

the mountain boots

HIKER II

Professionally designed and carefully constructed for mountaineering, climbing and hiking with heavy packs of over 25 pounds. Sizes: S(AA) 10-15, N(B) 5-16, M(D) 6-16, W(EE) 6-15.

the BACKPACKER

quality gear

952 Harden St.

799-7571

events & entertainment

EDITED BY VENSON STEADMAN JULY 18-25

CINEMA

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Cleopatra Jones and the Casino of Gold" has the distinction of being the first major studio feature to be premiered in Harlem in several decades. Not much of a distinction for Harlem. Tamara Dobson is once again Ms. Jones with the usual recipe of black/libber/violence and an oriental setting to add a dash of kung-fu action. The show times are 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, and 9:15.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

Marilyn Chambers stays for another week, this time in "Behind the Green Door." The second feature is "Trip Around the World." Continuous shows start at 3:30 with the last complete show at 8:30. X.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

"Forced Entry" and "Sex, Freedom, and Marriage." Both are X with shows from 1 p.m.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"Street Fighter" is a kung-fu epic that was ballyhooed in New York as the only film ever to be X-rated for violence. It has since been cut down to an R, but still to be avoided. The times are 2:30, 4:45, 7, and 9:15.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"The Land That Time Forgot" stars Doug McClure in an Edgar Rice Burroughs adventure story. PG. 3:15, 5, 6:45, and 8.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"Jaws." A textbook case in how to use the media blitz to turn an average and reasonably scary movie into a superhit. As the trade ads have it, it's a "monster" indeed, having gobbled up $7 million in its first three days and that's only the beginning. Not as bad as most of the disaster films nor as good as some others ("Juggernaut," the at least mildly sentient "Towering Inferno"), but obviously everyone's going. With Roy Scheider, Richard Dreyfuss, and Robert Shaw as a salty shark hunter who suggests he may give the big fish indigestion. PG. 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"The Devil's Rain." All we know about it is that Ernest Borgnine plays Satan, if that tells you anything. Eddie Albert, William Shatner, Keenan Wynn, and Ida Lupino. PG. 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, and 7:10.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

Clouseau and Pusser. Peter Sellers [left] stars in "The Return of the Pink Panther" and Bo Svenson in "Walking Tall, Part II."

"The Other Side of the Mountain." Another week for this love story about the crippling of a professional skier. PG. 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, and 9:30.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"The Happy Hooker" has the porno style and ambience, but the producers have underplayed the sexploitation (it's only rated R) and Lynn Redgrave gives a fine, likable performance as Xaviera Hollander. The movie would really seem to be almost a position paper for the porno industry -- posing the question, what's so bad about feeling good? -- and this commonsensical if somewhat simplistic approach to prostitution and sexual relations makes for a pleasant, low key good time. With Jean Pierre Aumont and a brief appearance by Tom Poston. 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10, and 9.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Wind and the Lion." Widow Candice Bergen is captured by sheik Sean Connery in Northern Africa until President Teddy Roosevelt sends in the marines to save her. Based on a true incident, this movie opened strangely enough just as Gerald Ford was bringing down the curtain on the Mayaguez incident. The script is by John Milius of "Jeremiah Johnson." Rated PG, it shows at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 256-1950

"Crazy Mama." Cloris Leachman commits crime and mayhem during the fifties. With Stuart Whitman, Jim Bacchus, and others, it promises to be another Phi Beta Kappa in the "Blazing Saddles" school of comedy, that is, not for the intellectually inclined. Rated PG. 1:35, 3:25, 5:20, 7:20, and 9:30.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"Return of the Pink Panther" moves downtown. A faintly anachronistic, wholly unambitious, totally delightful throwback to the mild, situation-ridden comedies of the early sixties. Peter Sellers recreates his role as Inspector Clouseau, the bumbling but self-sure French detective who drives his chief inspector (Herbert Lom) off the deep end but always, miraculously gets his man and the giant diamond known as the Pink Panther. Directed in a fast, blackout style by Blake Edwards with good-natured appearances by Catherine Schell and Christopher Plummer. G. 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, and &:30 with no 1:30 show Monday through Thursday. The late show on July 18 and 19 will be "Dirty Mary, Crazy Larry."

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"Walking Tall, Part II." More of the same in this sequel to the popular story of Buford Pusser. It won't be a continuing story because Pusser was killed in a car crash last year. Bo Svenson, last seen in "The Great Waldo Pepper," is cast this time in the lead, and the director is Phil Karlson of the original as well as "Framed." 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.

RICHLAND MALL I THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"The Apple Dumpling Gang." Don Knotts, Tim Conway, and Susan Clark in a Disney film about bumbling crooks. G. 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.

RICHLAND MALL II THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Funny Lady." A reasonably entertaining musical, but Streisand seems headed toward becoming the Joan Crawford of her generation. Cast as a distinguished "lady" of the theatre (Fanny Brice after Ziegfeld) she loses the irreverence and spirited innocence that made her so appealing in the first place. All the same, Streisand singing is enough to make any movie worthwhile, and James Caan is not bad as Brice's second husband Billy Rose. PG. 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30. The late show on the 18th and 19th is Nicholas Roeg's "Don't Look Now." On the 25th and 26th, "The Magic Christian."

MUSIC

The Carolina Coliseum will be presenting "Graham Central Station" and "Eagles" on August 1 and 3 respectively. Tickets for both concerts will be $6.50, $5.50, and $4.50, and are available at the Coliseum box office and standard ticket outlets.

CLUBS

THE JADE EAST, Carolina Inn, 937 Assembly Street, 799-8200

"Elmo and the Cosmos" stay through Saturday, July 19. "Swing" performs for the following week.

THE SEOND LEVEL, 2011 Devine Street, 771-4794

Friday and Saturday, July 18 and 19, Drink Small and his blues band are scheduled. The following week will offer Buzz Peele on Monday, Russ Duty on Tuesday, Rob Crosby on Wednesday, Jim, Lee and Connie on Thursday, and "Heads of State" for the 25th and 26th.

THE LEFT GUARD, 2728 Rosewood Drive, 799-2575

"Lyra" for the 18th and 19th. Call for cover charges.

THE CHOPPING BLOCK, 1021 Briargate Circle, 772-2011

"Heads of State" through the 19th. No band scheduled as yet for next week. No cover.

THE FORUM, 1520 Senate Street, 771-9973

Skip Pearson and his jazz trio on the 18th and 19th. The following week Barry Mitchell will perform on Wednesday, Rusty Davis on Thursday, and The "Flatland Rounders" for the weekend. The charge is $1 on the weekend, free during the week, no membership required.

THE THREE CHAIRMEN, 1824 Edmund Road, Cayce, 794-1290

Ken Higgins sings on Fridays and "Just Two," two women in a country folk duo on Saturdays. No cover charge.

THE NEW SOUTH MUSIC HALL AND WHISKEY PARLOR, 4614 Devine Street, 787-6505

"Home Boy Special" through July 19th, "Knappy Patch" on the 20th, "St. Vitus" and friends for the 24th, 25th, and 26th. The club is closed on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday for the summer, and the usual charge for members on the weekend is $1 for women, $2 for men.

Get The Royal Treatment With Groucho's Banana Royale

chocolate, strawberry and vanilla ice cream decorated with wheel-sliced bananas, smooth hot fudge, crushed pineapple, strawberries, chopped nuts, and topped with a mound of pure whipped cream.

GROUCHOS ICE CREAM SHOPPE

$1.59

Regular $1.79

611 Harden St. Open 1-9 Sunday & Wednesday

THE PUMPERNICKEL

Located Downstairs at the Arcade Mall
Convenient to Downtown offices

LUNCH DAILY
Excellent Deli style sandwiches
Fresh salads made daily.

HAPPY HOUR
4 PM 'til 8 PM
Bar drinks $1.00

ENTERTAINMENT NIGHTLY
NO COVER CHARGE
THIS WEEK FEATURING
JIM, LEE, & CONNIE MONDAYS & SATURDAYS

THE PUMPERNICKEL, Arcade Mall, Downtown, 254-0775

Wednesdays and Friday, "The Ventralis Band," Saturdays and Mondays Jim, Lee and Connie, Thursday, "Birdfish." No cover charge.

SPECIALS

Winthrop College has announced that awards for writing will be given at it's annual College Writers Conference on November 20-22. The awards will be for the outstanding novel, nonfiction, and poetry book published during 1975, and any South Carolina native who has done the work while an S.C. resident is eligible. They must also be able to attend the conference banquet to receive the award. Those wishing to enter should send two copies of their book to Joynes Center For Continuing Education, Winthrop College, Rock Hill, S.C. 29733. For further information call (803) 323-2196.

THEATRE

The USC Summer Repertory Theatre schedule for this week will be as follows: "Charley's Aunt" on Friday, July 18, and Wednesday, the 23rd; "Picnic" on Saturday, July 19th, Thursday, July 24th, and Friday, July 25th; "Hot I Baltimore" on Sunday, the 20th, Tuesday, the 22nd, and Saturday, the 26th. Curtain is 8:15 nightly except on Sunday when performances will be at 3. Tickets are $3 for adults, $2 for USC faculty and staff, $1 for students.

A scene from "Charley's Aunt"

Workshop Theatre will be continuing with two plays by Terrence Rattigan. "Harlequinade" is a comedy about a touring theatre company in England that has problems during a rehearsal of "Romeo and Juliet." "The Browing Version" tells the story of a boys school professor who must cope with an unfaithful wife. Both plays will be presented nightly through Saturday, July 26 with the exception of Sunday and Monday. Tickets are $3.50 for adults, $2.50 for students.

TELEVISION

Our top choice from this week's TV is Lily Tomlin's comedy-variety Special at 10 p.m. Friday on Channel 25. With Tomlin and guest star John Byner it promises more of the same from her raved-after special shows already broadcast.

Saturday, July 19

1:30 p.m. - Don Kirshner's Rock Concert. Foghat and the Edgar Winter Group. (Channel 25)

2:15 p.m. - Baseball. The Milwaukee Brewers versus the Chicago White Sox. (Channel 10)

8 p.m. - Keep On Truckin.' A group of young comedians in a new series of parody and impersonations. (Channel 25)

8 p.m. - Highlights of the 1974 "Philadelphia Folk Festival" continue this week with John Prine, Leon Redbone, and the Buffalo Gals. (Channel 35)

9 p.m. -- Movie. Shirley MacLaine is the sweet-tempered Paris chippy and Jack Lemmon the gendarme who pursues her in "Irma La Douce." Billy Wilder filmed it in 1963 from the Broadway musical, receiving indifferent critical response although considerable box office enthusiasm. (Channel 25)

9 p.m. -- Movie. "Solomon and Sheba." Would you believe Yul Brynner as Solomon and Gina Lollabrigida as Sheba? This biblical spectacular first hit the light of day in 1959 and has not been heard from since, understandably, given the casting. Less understandably, given the direction by the usually capable King Vidor. (Channel 10)

12 p.m. - Movie. "Splendor in the Grass." A not so splendid version of the William Inge play about young lovers driven neurotic by their own sex drive and frustrating parents. Director Elia Kazan came up a cropper with this one, his first mistake being the ever vacuous Natalie Wood (she's certainly neurotic, but why?) as the girl and an inexperienced Warren Beatty as her swain. 1961. (Channel 10)

Sunday, July 20

1 p.m. - Movie. "Shall We Dance." The legendary Astaire and Rogers in a 1937 film about a ballet star who turns to musical comedy. With Edward Everett Horton, the songs are by George and Ira Gershwin. (Channel 19)

1:30 p.m. - Baseball. The Atlanta Braves in a doubleheader with the Montreal Expos. (Channel 10)

3 p.m. - Movie. "Angels With Dirty Faces." By 1938 the tough Warner Brothers gangster films such as those of the early Depression ("Little Caesar" and "The Public Enemy," already shown in this series) had begun instead to presage the moralizing social dramas of the forties. James Cagney is a hood and Pat O'Brien a priest (surprised?) in this forgettable effort about juvenile delinquency that also includes the Dead End Kids, Leo Gorcey, Huntz Hall, etc. (Channel 19)

6 p.m. - Conversations With Eric Sevareid. Part II of a video "memoir" by former presidential advisor John J. McCloy. (Channel 19)

7:30 p.m. - Evening at Pops. Bobby Short does Cole Porter and nothing but with Arthur Fiedler and his friends. (Channel 35)

8:30 p.m. - Movie. "The Beguiled." Don Siegel directs Clint Eastwood in a spook show about a Union Army corporal who is chased after by a whole boarding school of belles. Geraldine Page and Elizabeth Hartman. (Channel 19)

Monday, July 21

8:15 p.m. - Baseball. Oakland plays Baltimore. (Channel 10)

11 p.m. - Masterpiece Theatre. MT now available on Monday nights for Jean Marsh addicts. (Channel 35)

Tuesday, July 22

8:30 p.m. - Movie. "Let's Switch!" Magazine editor Barbara Feldon wants to trade jobs with housewife Barbara Eden in this TV flicker. Switch we shall. Repeat. (Channel 25)

8:30 p.m. - Movie. "The Last Survivors." Martin Sheen must decide who's excess baggage on an overloaded lifeboat. His choices include Tom Bosley, Bruce Davison, Christopher George, and Anne Francis. Quite a decision. Repeat. (Channel 10)

8:30 p.m. - M*A*S*H. Videoville's best comedy discards the canned yoks for this show set entirely in the operating room. (Channel 19)

10 p.m. - Henry Fonda in his one man show as Clarence Darrow. (Channel 35)

Wednesday, July 23

9 p.m. - Theater in America. Fritz Weaver in Eugene O'Neill's "A Touch of the Poet," a 1935 play about a 19th Century Irish emmigrant who can't adjust to the loss of aristocracy or the many problems he faces in his new land. (Channel 35)

11:05 p.m. - Movie. "The Reckoning." English social realism with the remarkable Nicol Williamson as a heel who treads on Rachel Roberts, Paul Rogers and others. 1969. (Channel 19)

Thursday, July 24

9 p.m. - Movie. "Arsenic and Old Lace." A classic, both on stage and film, but Frank Capra's frantic approach to farce leaves one exhausted after ten minutes with 110 to go. Cary Grant's incessant double takes threaten to send his eyebrows spinning into the stratosphere, although as always no one can read a comedy line with quite that same drooping intonation. With Josephine Hull and Jean Adair as the genteel poisoners, Peter Lorre and Raymond Massey a somewhat cartoon menace, and Priscilla Lane as the love interest. (Channel 19)

11:30 p.m. - Wide World Special. Fred Astaire hosts a retrospective of the 20th Century Fox musicals, one of the best of these studio generated programs with some hard to find footage of the Ritz Brothers among others. Repeat. (Channel 25)

1 a.m. - Tomorrow. Tom Snyder talks to performers from the "Broadway Open House" series of TV's early days: Jerry Lester, Dagmar, Wayne Howell, and Milton Delugg. (Channel 10)

Friday, July 25

8 p.m. - Movie. "John O'Hara's Gibbsville" draws on O'Hara's stories about life in a small Pennsylvania town during the forties. John Savage stars as a young man who must make a career decision after being expelled from Yale. (Channel 10)

8 p.m. - Movies. By some quirk of TV programming genius two films made for the tube in 1974 and with almost identical subjects are playing in the same time slot. "Trapped Beneath the Sea" (Channel 25) is about a mini-sub that must be rescued off the Florida coast. "Fer-de Lance" (Channel 19) has a research sub sunk in the Atlantic with the twist of a gaggle of poisonous snakes loose among the crew. We'd pick the former with Lee J. Cobb and Martin Balsam over the latter with David Jansen and Hope Lange although the critically acclaimed "Gibbsville" seems the best bet.

1 a.m. - Midnight Special. Neil Sedaka, Janis Ian, Jessi Colter, Gabriel Kaplan, and Kraftwerk. Helen Reddy is the new permanent hostess. (Channel 10)

■

Anderson

Continued from page four

ing to the letter, will be screened abroad, then the results will be scrutinized by the State Department. Then the Justice Department will pass on each case.

The result will be to admit a few hundred refugees, one at a time, who can prove that they're not "Communists, terrorists or 'economic distress cases.' "

■

COLUMBIA'S MOST AESTHETIC

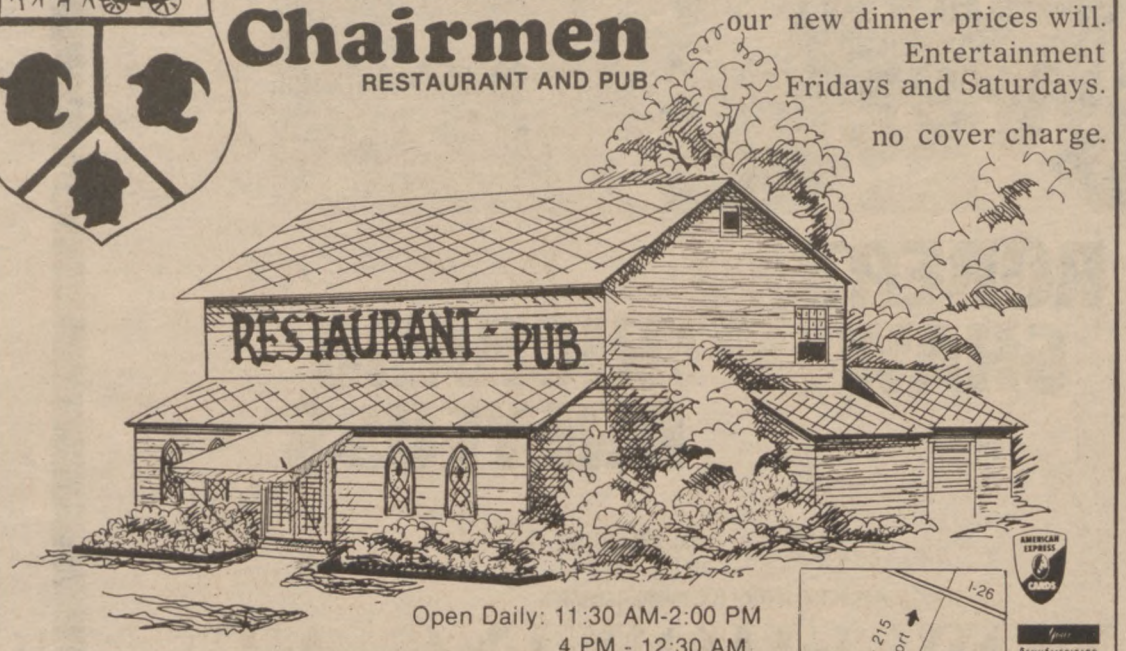
The Three Chairmen

RESTAURANT AND PUB

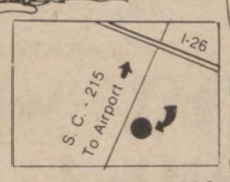
If the freshness and good taste of our food and cocktails doesn't intrigue you, our new dinner prices will.

Entertainment Fridays and Saturdays.

no cover charge.



Open Daily: 11:30 AM-2:00 PM
4 PM - 12:30 AM
SATURDAYS: 6 PM - 12 PM



HI-WAY 215 • CAYCE, SOUTH CAROLINA • PHONE 794-1290

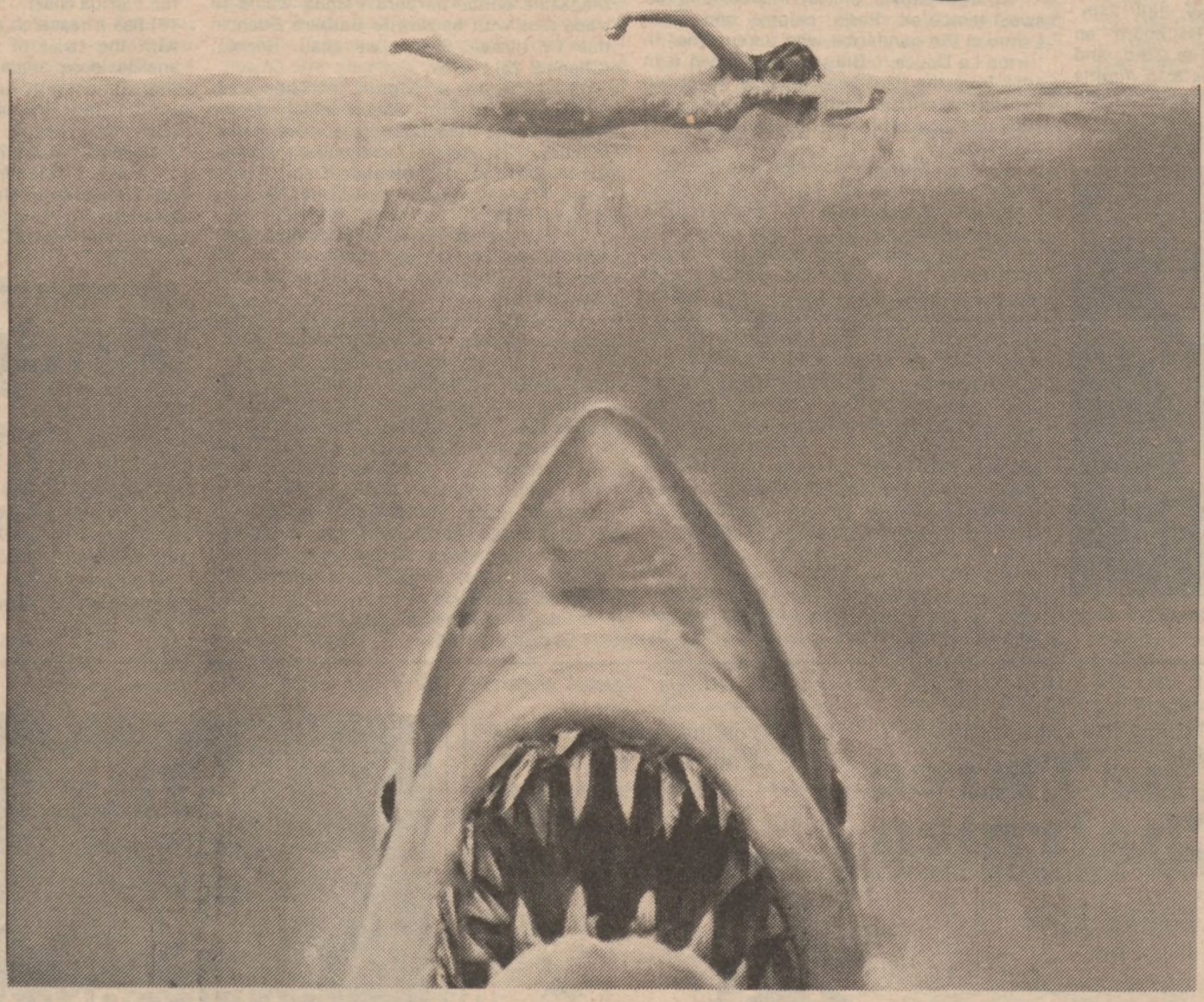
THAT PLACE
Convenience Store
Groceries - Jewelry - Beer - Wine and Things
CIGARETTES 35¢
CALIFORNIA WINES $2.38 ½ gal.
WE HAVE THE BEST
BEER IN TOWN
Check our Prices - They're Fantastic
OPEN TILL 9 P.M.
Next door to Saluda Ave. Wine & Liquor Shop
714 Saluda Ave. (5 Points) Columbia
799-5413

"'JAWS' IS A MOVIE WHOSE EVERY SHOCK IS A DEVASTATING SURPRISE. It is elaborate, technically intricate and wonderfully crafted. Contains classic sequences of suspense... The final battle is literally explosive."
...Time Magazine

"An exhilarating adventure entertainment of the highest order!" ...JUDITH CRIST, *New York Magazine*

The terrifying motion picture from the terrifying No. 1 best seller.

JAWS



ROY SCHEIDER **ROBERT SHAW** **RICHARD DREYFUSS**

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR PRE-TEENAGERS
...MAY BE TOO INTENSE FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN

Dutch Sq.
Dutch Sq. Shopping Center/798-1110

NOW SHOWING AT
2:00·4:30·7:00·9:30